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CHARLES CHAPLIN.

"THE De Musset of painting—the painter *par excellence* of youth," are terms which have been applied to Charles Chaplin, a popular French artist, who has long been before the public, and whose works are always welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. Readers of THE ALDINE are already familiar with his pictures, having had, in previous numbers, "The Broken Lyre," and "Haidée," from Byron's "Don Juan," exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1873. This picture had the beauty, the freshness and archness of youth. The best portrait exhibited in the Salon of that year was by this artist. The lady, not in her first youth, was painted largely and vigorously. The artist succeeded in giving to his subject a subtle expression. The portrait seemed to think, if it did not breathe. There is much beauty and quiet sentiment in the picture of "Innocence," after Chaplin, on our first page. The oval, plump, thoughtful face, with downcast eyes, contemplating, as in a reverie of happy dreams, the fluttering dove perched upon the arm; the simple and graceful *coiffure*; the dress which has slipped from the shoulder, revealing a well-rounded arm and ample bust, proclaim the artist a master in his chosen branch of the profession. A small picture, entitled "Prayer," 6 inches by 4, in the John Taylor Johnston collection, by Chaplin, sold for \$390. At the Chicago Exhibition, held during the summer of 1878, a fine work by Chaplin, belonging to the White estate, was to be seen in the art gallery, much commended for its extreme delicacy in conception, refinement in color and grace in treatment. It was called the "Little Coquette." Mr. Charles Chaplin was born in the small town of Les Andelys, France, in the Department of Eure, near the Seine, and became a pupil of M. Drölling. His residence is now in Paris. The French Salon gave him medals in 1851, 1857 and 1865, and he has been decorated with the Legion of Honor.

THE RAMPARTS OF FORT PUTNAM.

THERE are two famous pathways in this country, much sought by lovers and admirers of the beautiful, when the evenings are cool, and the golden moon sheds a mellow and soft light over the landscape. One of these threads the grand old woods of Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, taking the happy saunterers from the American Fall to the islands of the Three Sisters, and the overwhelming view of the Horse-Shoe Fall; the other leads along the ramparts of old Fort Putnam, at West Point, through a surprisingly beautiful growth of trees, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery on the Hudson River. A thousand memories of the great and heroic past come to the mind, as well as all the tender recollections of the present, while walking slowly along the earthworks of this ruined Revolutionary fortification. The goddess of love has supplanted the god of war; where once only cannon pointed toward the river, and the gleam of the bayonet was seen in the moonlight, now the green grass springs tenderly up, the beautiful trees grow from the soil and hide the scars made by war; the shadows of waving limbs cast by pale Luna are the only hints of moving sentinels; the chirping of the cricket, or the scolding of the katydid in the thicket, the only music which falls upon the ear, causing no dread alarm.

The pathway, exquisitely and beautifully shown by the artist in the picture, is known at West Point as "Flirtation Walk;" so called, perhaps, because a favorite with the cadets and their lady friends. It leads from the great plateau, in front of the Military Academy, through a deep growth of trees, on toward the Hudson, a glimpse of which is seen in the picture. The summer visitor at this resort needs but to walk a few yards from the piazza of the hotel to enter this path, at the beginning of which will be found a large number of cannon of all sizes, captured from the English, Mexicans and other nations, and arranged in rows on the turf. The fortifications at West Point were begun early in 1778 under the supervision of General Putnam, with Lieutenant-Colonel Radière as engineer. The object of these was for the purpose of obstructing the navigation of the Hudson, to prevent the British, then in New York, from obtaining control of the river. From this time forward great exertions were made to complete and strengthen the works. The Polish hero, Kosciusko, relieved Radière as engineer, March 26, 1778. At the time of

Arnold's treason in 1780 these works, though unfinished, had cost more than two years' labor of the army and three millions of dollars. The fortifications were never completed, although work upon them was continued until 1794. The principal of these were Fort Putnam, commanding the plateau and the other works; Forts Webb, Wyllis and Meigs, and Fort Collins at the north-east angle of the plateau. To the command of this important post some of the most distinguished officers were at different times assigned; among whom were Generals Clinton, Putnam, Parsons, McDougall, Heath, Howe, Greene and Knox. Washington made his headquarters here in 1799; and, with Lafayette and other officers, often visited the place. Arnold took command, August 5, 1780, and fled on the 25th of the next month, upon hearing of the capture of André! Fort Putnam, though in ruins, still looks down upon the river and plain beneath; and from "Flirtation Walk" may be had an extensive view of this most interesting locality. The statue of General Sedgwick is not far from the beginning of this path, and a short way across the vale the cemetery can be reached where sleep General Scott, General Anderson, General Custer and other heroes. Placed in the midst of the most attractive scenery in America, comparatively isolated from all the world, hallowed by the footsteps of the heroes of the Revolution, associated with the most stirring events in our national history, surrounded by mementoes of the heroic past, lovely beyond description, and as romantic as the heart of the most ardent lover could wish, the pathway on the ramparts of old Fort Putnam is without a peer.

ART TALKS FROM ABROAD.

THE strongest piece of painting of its kind, in the United States Art Department at the Paris Exhibition, is a landscape by C. Dubois. American landscape painters might study to advantage his vigorous drawing and brushing of foliage. The proof of our assertion lies in the fact that his works find ready sale in Europe, which is evidence of power when such competitors as Whalberg, Francais, Pelouse, Jappy, Guillemet, etc., are one's antagonists in the lists for fame. But his is entirely European art. Of the American school, and one of its best talents, is Jervis McEntee, whose fine picture might have been much better hung. The remarkable tone that McEntee possesses, in common with Boughton, a something akin to sadness, runs through all his works. A little *allegretto* movement now and then would not come amiss, provided always they are rendered with the same sentiment and skill. The figures in this are unfortunately placed and too large. McEntee is one of the few, the very few, painters of America who understand the pigments they employ; and he possesses that highly prized quality in painting, an exquisite appreciation of the grays in nature. He will always be one of the most sought for of the American school of landscape painters. A picture by him, hung between two of any others of our painters—with scarcely an exception—will make those two look crude and unnatural. The same can be remarked in Boughton's pictures in the English section; they attract the eye immediately by their exquisite scale of tones in gray. One or two by Samuel Coleman are attractive for an opposite virtue, that of brilliancy of color; we do not mean crudeness, but a well-felt brilliancy; they lack air—which, by the bye, was one of the qualities we used to attribute to Mr. Coleman. It may be just probable that that artist paints too much in his studio; or it may be that our eyes have become accustomed to the illusive atmospheric effects of some of the European painters, who rightly consider the just effect of nature, be it morning, midday or evening, the pre-eminent point to be gained—detail in masses, if at all. They present the soul of a landscape; which grand poetic truth is entirely lacking in the picture by A. T. Richards, which is a weary monotony of the same touch for leaves; the same forms for groups; the same color throughout. There is not one touch of true color, nor one square inch of breathing space; we prefer photography. There is credit in painting detail like Koeck-Koeck or M. Rousseau—it is nature. We hope Mr. Richards will not take umbrage at our remarks, they are kindly meant. Not one person looks upon the picture but leaves it with looks of mingled wonder for the patience displayed; pity for the time lost; disgust for the kind or style of work. There are many artists of first



INNOCENCE. — AFTER CHARLES CHAPLIN.